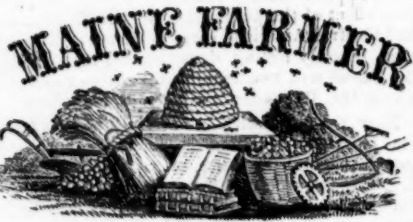




VOL. XXIV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 27, 1856.

NO. 14.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

## CAN CORN FODDER BE KILN DRIED, CHEAP?

Since the discussion at the agricultural meetings last winter, on agricultural subjects, in which some remarks were made on corn fodder, we have been frequently enquired of as to the best mode of curing or drying corn fodder in our climate.

By corn fodder, is here meant, Indian corn sown in drills and cut while green. Every one who has tried the experiment knows that a great amount of excellent fodder may be grown on an acre, but the great trouble with us is to thoroughly dry it for winter use. The leaves are so abundant and the stalks so succulent, that it requires a hotter sun, and more of it than our autumnal days afford, to perfectly accomplish this object, and the fodder often moulds and sometimes rots in consequence.

Now it appears to us evident, that in order to dry this species of forage, some artificial means must be adopted, and the two following modes may answer the purpose:—

1st. A large shell of a building, with a tight roof, but with lattice sides, so as to be open when the wind blows, and closed on the stormy or windward side when it rains. The fodder to be laid on racks, in such a manner that the wind or air may draw through among it.

2d. A large building as above, but tight at the sides, and a ventilator on top, and a kiln or stove at the bottom in which a fire may be placed in such a manner as to throw up heated air through the fodder until sufficiently dry.

We have no doubt that either of these plans will accomplish the object, but, will it pay? That is the question. No man in Yankeeedom, at least, sows and dries fodder of any kind, unless it gives a fair prospect of reasonable profit in some shape or other. Enquiries in this part of the business can not be accurately answered without an accurate experiment, or experiment being made to test facts by the stern laws of profit and loss, and it thus requires more outlay of time, labor and cash, than most of us have to spare.

It is a subject of some importance, however, and one that should engage the thoughts of our practical farmers. Some think that as many as from five to eight tons of dry fodder may be thus obtained from an acre. If it could be cured at a reasonable cost, it would certainly be profitable business.

## IMPROVED WOMEN MAKE IMPROVED AGRICULTURE.

The business of Agriculture whether viewed as a science or an art, is so closely and intimately connected with almost every relation of life, that an improvement in almost every department either directly or indirectly, improves it, and vice versa. One mode of aiding the improvement and progress of Agriculture, but one not much thought or spoken of, is the training of the female mind to love and respect this calling.

There is no reason why a young woman, young lady if you please, although living in a crowded city, and who may perhaps always live in a crowded city, far from rural haunts and rural scenes, should be entirely ignorant of the relations which agriculture has to her every day's welfare and happiness. But there is every reason in the world why young women living out of the city, and in the very midst of rural life, should be thoroughly imbued, taught and indoctrinated into a love of agricultural pursuits, and into the practice of many of its details.

This would have great influence in awakening and keeping up a spirit of improvement, in this life sustaining employment.

A writer in the last number of the Plough, Loom and Anvil, over the signature of "Southward," makes the following appropriate remarks upon this subject.

"If," says he, "every business man would resolve, on setting out in life, to do his whole duty, we should have ninety-nine out of every hundred well doing in the world, instead of one to accumulate a Girard estate, and ninety-nine to fall by the way side. The great point is, lay a foundation, broad, strong and deep, by educating woman. Leave all mere show and glitter to such, whether those who have hearts or not, who prefer these things to the developments of our race. With such a foundation, America may build a reputation that will be a lever to move the world. Labor as you will to educate man, and make of woman a mere machine to stitch silk and lace upon, a mere automaton to be wound up at the pleasure of a man, and to rattle away on wood, metal and ivory sometimes, and you can never place man in his proper position. The female sex educated for companions, associates, would so soften the harshness of man's nature, that you would soon see more influence from education than for these hundred years past, altogether."

## SAP BUCKETS WANTED.

MR. EDITOR:—Do you or any of your correspondents know where pairs or sap buckets can be obtained?  
N. H.  
Monmouth, March 17, 1856.

NOTE. They could be formerly obtained at Bray's mill factory in Turner, and probably can be now, if his establishment was not burnt at the late disastrous fire in that place. Buckets were formerly made in Wilton, but we do not know whether that factory is in operation now.

TO PREVENT VINES FROM BLEEDING. The New England Farmer says that common hard soap applied to the end of a recently pruned vine will effectually stop the bleeding.

## TOP ONIONS.

A writer in the Vermont Register, at Middlebury, recommends the use of top onions for seed in the culture of this root. He uses about four bushels to the acre, and says he has raised at the rate of 800 bushels to the acre from this kind. We formerly could raise onions here in Maine as well as anywhere in the United States, until a few years ago the onion fly, or worm committed such ravages that many who raised large quantities were compelled to give up the culture entirely. If the use of the top onion will obviate the trouble in this respect, it will be well to give it a trial.

The natural history of the onion fly is not well understood among us, and hence we are not so well able to fight him, and it therefore gains the advantage of us, and destroys our crop before we are aware what he is about. The writer above mentioned recommends to prepare the soil for onions in the fall, by plowing in well rotted manure, not very deep, instead of green manure, which he thinks is more liable to be maggoty. He also recommends a dressing of salt, and of ashes and plaster. He also says that he never loses deep for fear of disturbing the little roots near the surface. He rolls the surface quite hard after the seed is sown.

## For the Maine Farmer.

A DESCRIPTION OF A SHEEP BARN.

MR. EDITOR:—As this is a time of the year when people prepare to build, I will give you a description of my sheep barn. Perhaps it will be of service to some of my brother wool growers. My barn is two stories high,—the first story is six feet and devoted wholly for sheep. It has a crib thirty-six feet long and six wide, being the length of the barn. It is made tight, for the purpose of feeding sheep with hay and provender. Over the crib, through the floor, is a scuttle, three by four feet, through which to drop down the hay. The upper story is twelve feet between joists. The floor across the barn is thirty-two feet, and is made tight by two boards between joists. The floor across the barn is thirty-two feet, and is made tight by two boards between joists.

By this arrangement my sheep have not been exposed to cold nor storms of any kind during this cold winter, and there is a saving of much of the chaff that would otherwise have been lost. I have one hundred sheep. Twenty-five of the smallest I keep by themselves, and give to them four quarts of oat per day. The remainder I keep at the barn, on hay, and occasionally salt, ashes, sulphur, tar, and hemlock brogue. I keep water in the yard, brought from a good spring 74 rods distant. My sheep look well, and I have lost none.

Wm. W. GOLD.  
Norridgewock, March 15, 1856.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## EXPERIMENTS AND REMARKS ON SEAWEED MANURES.

MR. EDITOR:—Although the roads are blocked up with snow and the air is cold, seed time is coming, and will soon be at hand. Those who have neglected to procure or lay by seed of various kinds for the coming season, had better be about it. Get good seed, and put it in the ground early. Be sure and put the ground in good order. Don't spare the dressing, if you want a good crop. If you can't cultivate a large piece, try a small one. Plough deep, and make the ground fine and rich; you may then be sure of getting an ample return for your labor.

A few words about growing corn on sea-dressing. Last spring I planted corn on land which was an old pasture the spring before, and the bushes had almost taken possession of it. Planted potatoes the first year, and used seaweed for dressing. Last spring I hauled on and spread barn-yard manure at the rate of about twenty cart-loads to the acre, then ploughed deep as one yoke of oxen could do it. The land being strong, in many places it was difficult to get the plow down to a proper depth. I next made furrows three feet and a half apart, with the ox team. The rows were marked off the other way by dragging a chain three feet apart.

If the furrows were not of sufficient depth where the chain crossed, it was cleared out with a hoe. I put in a large shovel full of horse manure in each hill, the manure being previously shoveled over and consequently had got pretty well heat up. Through the middle of the piece I omitted dressing three rows as before named, for the purpose of trying sea-dressing. In these three rows I put a large forkful of green sea-weed (rock weed) in each hill, and then put about one-half of a shovelful to the hill of the same kind of manure that was used on the rows adjoining; this covered over the sea-weed and gave the corn a start. Planted 15th of May. Came up well. The weather being rather wet and cold, the corn looked yellow. When about four inches high, it was well weeded and the ground loosened; hoed twice. It grew well, except in places where the growth was not well ploughed. The rows that were dressed with sea-weed grew and ripened as well as the rest of the piece. If it had been a dry, warm season, the corn planted on sea-weed would have been the best, without doubt, as sea-dressing contains salt, and that retains or draws moisture from the earth and atmosphere, and guards vegetation against the drouth. Therefore, those that are on or near the sea shore, might save one-half of their barn-yard manure by using sea-dressing under corn and potatoes, and I might say all kinds of vegetables. Beans will not grow on salt dressing. Squashes will do well. I raised them last season weighing from sixteen to fifty pounds, on poor land too. I dug holes, say two feet by twenty inches deep, filled them within four inches with green sea-weed, the remainder with scrapings of the barn-yard, which I prefer to clear barn manure. Planted the seed one inch deep. The sea-weed soon commenced heating, which caused the seed to sprout, and they grew amazingly.

Perhaps it is not generally known that sea-weed taken from the rocks in the latter part of the season will not weigh so heavy to the cord, and it will not decompose so soon as though gathered in the spring. But whether a ton of sea-weed, taken from the rocks in the spring of the year, contains any more fertilizing properties than when gathered in the fall, I am not able to say. From August to November it is very dry and light; from May to July it is filled with a watery substance, and will heat and decompose rapidly. The fall of the year would be the time to transport it into the interior, or to any distance required. It might be put up in bundles and kept for months without any trouble as to heating or decaying, providing it was taken from the rocks after the month of September. For composting, take it from the rocks in May or June, and pile it up with muck or loam, and it will soon decay, and it makes a good fertilizer for all kinds of vegetables, and for top-dressing grass land. It is superior to common barn-yard dressing, because it is more durable.

Perhaps these remarks will not be very interesting to farmers in the interior, but there is a vast number who live on or near the sea shore, who should feel interested in procuring dressing for their exhausted lands from the sea, which contains an inexhaustible supply, and free for whomsoever will get it from the shore or rocks.

We have not used kelp for enriching our lands, but I really believe it superior to any other kind of sea-weed. I shall give it a trial this season. I am not acquainted with taking it from the sea. In some places the winds and storms drive it ashore, but in the bays far from the main ocean, the kelp holds fast to the bottom, and would have to be taken up with some kind of a hook or fork—perhaps some person can give some information on this point.

Amos.  
Steuben, March 24, 1856.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ON AGRICULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—Among the papers that I peruse weekly is the "Maine Farmer," which I esteem particularly for its common sense language; but I am often puzzled by remarks in agricultural papers. I have long tried to make myself acquainted with agriculture, by studying farming papers, but I am half inclined to give it up. The agricultural papers have too much backing and filling, or too much indistinctness for me. What is asserted at one time is contradicted at another. I am of the opinion that if they would begin at the beginning, they would come something nearer truthfulness.

In the beginning, God said "Let the earth bring forth grass." "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed," (the first and most important vegetable for mankind.) For God speaks of nothing else except trees, and they are also for man and living creatures. Both have the same principles, and are for the increase and growth of flesh and blood. "And God saw that it was good." "And God said, behold I have given you every herb bearing seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every living beast of the earth, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so." "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground; and every where of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air."

We must conclude, then, that all flesh is grass. Now, if the only important object of farming is an increase of flesh and blood, which all must admit to be the case, and if all flesh is grass, what have we to do but to burn and analyze a certain quantity of grass, to ascertain the amount of mineral ingredients of the soil, that we may restore the equilibrium of our cultivated lands, that may be necessary to attract the carbon and nitrogen for the increase and perfect development of the plant that is to sustain life, and give growth, health and strength, or, in other words, to make bone and muscle; for all blood is alike in man and beast, in all nations, and in all climates? The whole constituents of blood are in grass, also in milk and bread. Is it not singular that the grass tribe follow man, like the domestic animals? This is for a wise and noble purpose. These are fixed and immutable laws, instituted by the great ruler of the universe. How wise, yet how simple and beautiful are all his works!

My husband followed the sea for many years. Since, he has turned his attention to the most independent and noble employment allotted by God for man,—Agriculture. He now knows it is best to dress lands well with barn-yard, pigeon and soap-suds dressing. He also knows it is best to plow deep in the right time, pulverize the soil well, and weed early and faithfully. Consequently we have fat hogs, fat oxen, fat calves and fat babies,—and a plenty of them.

Mrs. J. L. F.

Penobscot River, March 1, 1856.

NOTE. Thank you, Mrs. J. L. F. Your remarks and hints are so pertinent to the case that we are half tempted to think that your husband's head is under your bonnet. The analysis of grass and herbs is a good guide to the mineral elements, at least, required in the soil to produce the like crops.

As you observe—wise, yet beautiful and simple, when understood, are all the laws of God, as adapted to the productions of the earth; and perhaps in nothing more beautifully and strikingly illustrated than in the harmonious combination of grass, &c., into flesh and blood, and of flesh and blood again into grass; each by ceaseless mutation adding to the strength, and life, and usefulness of each.

P. S. Take good care of those "fat babies."

CUT GRAFTS. Those who have not cut grafts yet for use should do it forthwith. Winter will soon be gone, and the buds will begin to swell, and the scion become too much advanced to be successfully used. In cutting, use care, and cut none but have been well ripened during the past season, and are not winter-killed. When cut they may be preserved by burying them in damp saw dust, or by laying them on the bottom of a cool, damp cellar.

PAINTED WOOD PAIS ARE MORE POISONOUS THAN LEAD PIPE.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## EVERGREEN TREES, AND FENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—As you are always willing to give information to those who ask it, I will take the liberty to enquire in regard to the best time and mode for setting evergreen trees? I intend to build a front-yard fence the coming season, and I wish to build with an "eye single" to cheapness, durability and as a guard against drifting snows. The fences I have proposed to build is: Set fir trees from 12 to 15 feet high, about eight feet apart, and stretch very small chains from tree to tree, by means of staples driven through a link into the trees. This I think will afford shade in warm weather, and break off the cold winds in winter, and perhaps prevent the snow from drifting.

It has always been my impression that fir trees should be pruned but little, if any. But, Mr. Editor, could they not be trimmed up at the time of setting, four feet from the ground, or high enough to receive the chains without any very great injury?

New Gloucester, March 7, 1856.

NOTE. Friend Weymouth would probably succeed as well as any way in setting fir trees of the size he names, by taking them up this spring, and removing them with a large clump of frozen earth attached to their roots. It is considerably more work to do it in this way. The roots of evergreens are more sensitive to light and air than any other tree we ever tried to transplant. We have always found it best to preserve as much earth about the roots in moving them as possible, so as not to let them see daylight.

The pruning he proposes will not hurt them, though, as he says, the fir tree is easily injured by pruning too much. The chains will make a cheap and quite ornamental fence. So would the newly invented woven wire fence.

As Mr. W. is querying about fences, if he will drop a line to J. E. Butts & Co., No. 38 Water St., Boston, requesting a copy of their wire fence circular, they will forward to him one that will give him patterns and prices. [Ed.]

## For the Maine Farmer.

## LICKING HIS MANGER.

DOCT. HOLMES:—A friend wishes me to enquire of you or your contributors, the cause of a horse licking his manger—if it is a disease, and if so, what is the remedy? as he has a horse that stands for hours and licks his manger, when not eating, and he thinks it a disease that causes it to do so, although the horse is in good condition otherwise. ISAAC H. HARRIMAN.

Orland, March 10th, 1856.

NOTE. We hardly think that the horse spoken of licks his manger from the effect of any disease. It may be an idle habit, for horses sometimes acquire idle habits, as well as some of their drivers. Give him plenty of salt, and rub his manger over with something that will be disagreeable to him, and see what effect that will have.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## PROPAGATION OF THE HOLLYHOCK.

We know of but three modes of propagating the hollyhock—1, by seed; 2, by cuttings; and 3, by dividing the roots. The first mode has been already discussed; it remains for us to consider the two latter. Propagation by cuttings is the best mode of obtaining good plants, and the practice may be carried on from March to October. Most of the old plants give an abundance of young shoots early in the spring; and so soon as these become a little hard, they may be cut off close to the stem, leaving about three of the best shoots for flower-spikes. Place three or four cuttings round a five-inch pot, in a rather light sandy soil. Plunge them in a close frame, where, in a few weeks, they will have formed new leaves and roots, and may be potted off, each in a separate four-inch pot. As fresh shoots form on the old plants, they may be treated similarly, up to midsummer, after which period we would prefer leaving the wood to become hard before making the cuttings. In the latter case a single eye is sufficient to make a plant; but the wood-shoots, and not the flower-spikes, should be chosen. It sometimes happens that the eyes developed at the base of a spike produce wood-shoots, but they are more usually flower shoots. The latter take root and from plants, but are not of the best description.

Cuttings made from single eyes may be completely buried beneath the soil, leaving the foot stalk only protruding above; they should then be placed in a close frame, if with bottom heat so much the better, and the eyes quickly push through the soil, and from stout healthy plants. These, when rooted, may also be transferred to a single pots, there to await transplantation in autumn or spring, as before recommended.

Propagation by division is best carried out in autumn, immediately after the flowering is over. A large, well-ordered plant may sometimes be divided into several, but in general three or four is a more advantageous number.

Nothing, certainly, is gained by breaking the old plants into too many pieces; every separate part should carry with it a good share of roots. Seedlings and others that may bloom late, cannot be divided till the spring. March is, perhaps the best time, and if not broken too fine, will flower well during the first autumn.

[Hovey's Magazine.]

## For the Maine Farmer.

## WATER UNNECESSARY IN KEEPING UP HUMAN STEAM.

STEAR. Henry Ward Beecher, at his late lecture at Northampton, said, as a glass of water was brought to him soon after he commenced, that he never used water when speaking. When he first began to speak, seeing that other speakers constantly used water to moisten the throat, he did the same, and soon found that he was constantly obliged to use it. Whereupon he concluded to thereafter let nature do her own work, and immediately broke off the habit. The consequence was that he has never been troubled with dryness of the throat since. And he believed that if the brains of young speakers could furnish them with ideas, the salivary glands would generally supply the proper moisture.

And he universally found that, if he could find ideas to which to give utterance, the necessary moisture was forthcoming. He said this for the benefit of those whom it might concern.

## For the Maine Farmer.

## MY HOME.

I have tasted each varied pleasure,  
And drank of the cup of delight;  
I have danced to the gayest measure,  
In the halls of dazzling light;  
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,  
And stood in the courts of kings;  
I have matched at each joy that could render  
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.  
But vainly I've sought for joy or peace,  
In that light of life and shade;  
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—  
The home where my childhood played.

When jewels are sparkling around me,  
And dazling with their rays,  
I weep for the ties that bound me  
In life's first early days.  
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,  
Ere day was turned to night—  
For one of my nosegays of fresh, wild flowers,  
Instead of my jewels bright.

I weep when I gaze on the scintillating buds  
Which never can bloom or fade;  
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—  
The home where my childhood played.

## SECOND EXHIBITION

## OF THE

## MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY.

To be held at —, on Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, and Friday, the 28th, 29th, 30th,  
and 31st of October, 1856.

## LIST OF PREMIUMS.

All competitors for premium upon this division are required to answer the following questions. They will obtain the requisite blanks by applying to the Secretary of their Society, or of this Board.

1. What is the animal on which you ask a premium?

2. What is the breed and age of the animal?

3. If you prefer this breed, in what respects do you regard it as superior to others?

4. Where and by whom was it bred and reared?

5. If raised by yourself, what was your manner of feeding and managing the animal?

6. If a work horse, is he kind in disposition and a fast or slow walker?

7. Have you noticed any difference in the different breeds in regard to general disposition and docility? If so, what breed do you find to be the most kind, docile and quiet?

8. If an ox, what is his girth, and is he adapted for work or beef, or does he combine both qualities in an eminent degree?

9. If a cow, is she adapted to use as a milk-er or a breeder, or does she combine both these qualities in a superior degree?

10. If a milk cow, what is the average quantity of milk per day, during the whole period while in milk; and during the months of June and July?

11. If an animal to be slaughtered, what food was given it, what quantity, and at what cost, and how fed, or was it fed raw or cooked?

12. What has been your mode of winter-feeding and managing the animal?

13. If a young animal, how was the mother fed and managed the three months immediately previous to its birth?

14. If poultry, what breed and mode of feeding have you found to produce the largest number of eggs in a year?

## Class I.—Horses.

For best stallion, seven years old and upwards, for all work, endurance, docility and pedigree considered, \$20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best four to seven years old, 12 00

2d do. 8 00

3d do. 12 00

Best three years old, 8 00

2d do. 8 00

3d do. 6 00

Best two years old, 6 00

2d do. 6 00

3d do. 5 00

Best yearling, 4 00

2d do. 4 00

3d do. 3 00

Best stallion of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best mare of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best colt, either fillet or gelding, three years old, 6 00

2d do. 5 00

3d do. 4 00

Best colt, two years old, 4 00

2d do. 3 00

3d do. 3 00

Best yearling, 3 00

2d do. 2 00

3d do. 2 00

Best stallion of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best mare of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best colt, either fillet or gelding, three years old, 6 00

2d do. 5 00

3d do. 4 00

Best colt, two years old, 4 00

2d do. 3 00

3d do. 3 00

Best yearling, 3 00

2d do. 2 00

3d do. 2 00

Best stallion of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best mare of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best colt, either fillet or gelding, three years old, 6 00

2d do. 5 00

3d do. 4 00

Best colt, two years old, 4 00

2d do. 3 00

3d do. 3 00

Best yearling, 3 00

2d do. 2 00

3d do. 2 00

Best stallion of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best mare of any age, for speed in trotting, 20 00

2d do. 15 00

3d do. 10 00

Best colt, either fillet or gelding, three years old, 6 00

2d do. 5 00

3d do. 4 00











## The Muse.

From the Richmond Recorder.

## A CALL TO SPRING.

Come! Oh, come! I then last hurried long  
With the glory of light and song!  
Earth pines for thee on a thousand shores;  
Where the billows break and the wild wind roars;  
There's a voice of 'wall' 'mid the ancient trees  
Torn and lost by the wintry breeze,  
Gloom hushes around the pleasant bower,  
Death hushes around the pleasant bower,  
And every hour on its fleeting wing  
Bears away a prayer for thee, O Spring!

Come! oh, come! we pine for thee  
As pines the wanderer for home, at sea!  
As the captive pines in his lonely cell  
For the dashing waters and the breezy dell!  
We sigh for the influence that life renews,  
For the spell of soft sunshine, and balmy dew,  
For the genial airs and the pleasant breeze,  
To wake our blossoms and streams again.

"I come, I come," I am coming back,  
Thus answered a voice from the Sun's bright track:  
"I will clothe the heaven's fair face with smiles,  
I will call the birds from a thousand isles,  
The streams shall laugh where the violets blow,  
The trees exult and the laurels glow,  
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,  
That the charm of my presence shall not renew."

Not so, O Spring! no power thou hast  
O'er much of beauty that's from us past;  
Eyes that looked long into ours are dim,  
Voices that sang to our young hearts are hush,  
Bright young faces have passed away,  
Places are vacant at full of day;  
Thou canst hang the leaves on a thousand trees,  
Thou canst bring the flowers, the birds and bees,  
Thou canst loosen the streams and the silvery founts,  
And breathe a glory o'er vales and mounts,  
But thou canst not restore to our yearning arms  
The vanished past with its lovely forms.

"Yet I speak to the heart in my radiant bloom  
Of a Spring that opens beyond the tomb,  
Where the lost and loved of earth are found,  
Where the severed wreaths are forever bound,  
Where comes no dimness o'er eyes of light  
And the cheek of beauty ne'er knows a blight;  
There's not a beauty, nor bloom, nor hue,  
That the charm of my presence shall not renew."

ROSELYNE.

## SONG OF A SAILOR'S WIFE.

When the soft south wind, and the banks green grow  
O'er Saco, winding through to the sea,  
With a kiss and a smile, my sorrow to beguile,  
Jamie left me, as he said, only for a little while;  
But a year it is gone, and the months onward creep;  
He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep.

I look from the door, when the day is o'er,  
On the star-spangled floor of the sky;  
There's the Star of the Tar, in the blue North star,  
And I wonder if his eyes, too, up-looking yonder are;

So I look, and I muse; and I pray, and I weep;  
He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!  
When the cold winds beat, and the wintry sleet  
Falls like a winding-sheet past the pines,  
How I fear for my dear!—the water will appear  
To be going o'er his back! and the last adieu I hear—  
"Dear Mary!—on the winds, how softly they sweep;  
He's away where the gray billows play, on the deep!"

## The Story-Teller.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

## CASH DOWN.

"Oh dear! I wish there was no money in the world," said Jacob Jones, as he crumpled in his hand a piece of paper which he had just taken from an envelope; "or," he added, in a lower voice, "that I had a great deal more of it than has, thus far in life, fallen to my lot."

"What have you there?" inquired the wife of Mr. Jones, looking up from her work, and speaking in a subdued voice.

"Parker's bill," answered the husband.

"Ah! how much is it?"

"Seventy dollars."

"No," Mrs. Jones gave a start as she made the ejaculation, while a slight paleness overspread her face.

"It's too true; though I didn't dream of its being over thirty or forty. But running accounts always make long journeys in a short time. Ah, me! Money—money—money! It is the bane of my life."

"Money or credit, Jacob?" Mrs. Jones looked up timidly as she said this, and in evident doubt as to the effect of her question; for Mr. Jones was one of your sensitive, self-willed men, who can never be brought to the point of view.

The question was so pertinent a d timely, that it reached home. And it came so unexpectedly that Mr. Jones hardly knew whether to be vexed, angry, amused, or convicted of error. The reader will better understand the case after a brief retrospection.

The income of Mr. Jones was not large, yet sufficient for the comfortable support of his family, if he had not been afflicted with a singular mental malady, which showed itself in a strange aversion to paying cash for anything—that is, anything useful. Mrs. Jones, on the contrary, had a particular horror of running up accounts. If she lacked the means of buying any needed article, she preferred doing without it altogether to purchasing on credit. Mr. Jones liked to have money in his pocket. It made him feel uncomfortably poor if his purse was empty.

But, unfortunately, he was a man of many wants, and we fear, with a little vein of coyness in his heart, for to look upon an attractive thing was instantly followed by a desire to possess it. This being so, it is not strange that the money carried in his pocket was ever diminishing, and that he could not always tell what had become of it.

"I am going out this morning," said Mrs. Jones, about six months previous to the time our story commences, "and I wish you would let me have ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" Mr. Jones shrugged his shoulders. "What are you going to buy?"

"I want a piece of muslin for one thing, and—"

"Oh, well, Mary, I can arrange all that for you, easily enough. I haven't the money to spare this morning, but I'll stop at Parker's as I go down, and tell him to let you have whatever you want. You'll find him a very pleasant man to deal with, and glad to get our custom."

"It don't matter, particularly, to-day," said Mrs. Jones, her countenance falling, and her voice becoming little husky. "I can wait until to-morrow."

occurred to him that he was requiring his independent, sensitive-minded wife to submit to something like humiliation in going to a storekeeper and requesting him to charge the goods she bought.

"You'd better get all you want, Mary," he said, in a light, cheerful way, as he was leaving the house; "the bill won't come in until the end of the year."

Mr. Jones had nearly twice the sum in his purse that his wife had asked for, and the fact that it was still in his possession gave him a comfortable feeling of ease in money matters.

On his way to his place of business, a pair of china vases captivated his fancy, and, on the impulse of the moment, he stepped into the store and inquired the price.

"Fifteen dollars," was the answer.

"Don't say I supposed," said he, in rather a disappointed voice. And Jones was turning away, when the storekeeper, reading his customer at a glance, said—

"For the price, sir, they're the cheap pair of vases in the store. I sold Mrs. Gardner's—she lives in Walnut Street—just such a pair for eighteen dollars. They're very chaste in design."

And the dealer handled the vases dexterously, and showed them to the best advantage.

"They're handsome enough, and I should like very well to own them, but money is money, now-a-days. We look at fifteen dollars twice before we conclude to spend that sum for an article we may do without."

"Take them for fourteen," said the dealer; "that's only a little above cost."

Mr. Jones could not resist the temptation.

"Very well. Send them home," said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket and drawing out his purse.

"What a pleasant surprise I will give Mary," thought Mr. Jones, as he stepped from the china-dealer's store. "Our parlor mantelpiece needs some ornaments, and these vases are just the thing. And they are so cheap."

Fourteen dollars from twenty left but the small balance of six. Mr. Jones was expert at figures, and it did not take him long to do this sum in subtraction. He felt considerably poorer on reaching his place of business, and half-inclined to call himself a fool for spending so much money for an article in no way necessary for home-comfort. The presentation of a bill of ten dollars from a blind-maid, who had been called upon early in the spring to give a better appearance to the parlor windows, depressed the thermometer of his feelings somewhere in the neighborhood of zero. But the blind-maid had to wait. Nothing could be spared, on that day, from the business fund, as there were several payments to be met, and Mr. Jones had a partner who kept the cash, and who always looked a little sober when the drafts on private account were larger or more frequent than he thought the business justified. His partner had as large a family to support as Mr. Jones, but he managed to do it on several hundred dollars less in the year.

It did occur to Mr. Jones to pay half of the blind-maid's bill, but, as that would leave him only one dollar, he dismissed the thought instantly. To be left with only one dollar in his pocket would never answer in the world.

At dinner time Mr. Jones started homeward, thinking, as he walked along, of the beautiful vases, and of the pleasure they had given his wife. He still had six dollars in his pocket. Partially recovered from the depressing effect of the blind-maid's bill, he began, once more, to feel a little comfortable in money matters. Six dollars made a very nice little sum; and, as his eyes glanced into the shop windows as he moved along, he began to admit the tempter once more into his heart. A box of building-blocks, just the thing for little Eddy, caught his eye as he passed the "Temple of Fancy," and he could not resist the desire he felt to go in and ask the price.

"One dollar," said the ready salesman.

"A cheap pleasure," thought Mr. Jones, and—"I'll take them," fell from his lips.

"With five dollars safely resting in his purse, and a package of building-blocks for little Eddy in his hands, Mr. Jones now pursued his way homeward, clad with pleasure at the thought of how gratified his wife would be with her pair of vases, and how delighted Eddy would be with his building-blocks. Arrived at home, his head-ache key turned briskly in the lock, and he entered with light, almost springing footsteps. First glancing into the parlor to see if the vases had arrived, he found them adorning the marble mantel. They really looked elegant, and threw an air of taste over the whole apartment. A little while he remained, enjoying the sight, and then went up to his wife's sitting-room.

Mrs. Jones received her husband with her accustomed smile, though it was not as bright as one as he had expected to see illumine her countenance.

"What is this?" she inquired, as he laid the package he had brought home in her lap.

"Some building-blocks for Eddy."

"Dear little fellow! He will be so delighted," murmured Mrs. Jones, as she broke the string and removed the wrapper from the box.

"Where is he?" inquired the father.

"He's asleep."

"Oh! How do you like your vases?" Mr. Jones spoke as if the vases had just come into his thoughts, though, if the truth be told, they had been uppermost in his mind since his step had passed the threshold of his door.

"They are very beautiful, Jacob," replied his wife, as she looked up affectionately into her husband's face. Yet were the words not uttered with a heartiness that satisfied his expectations. Nor was he altogether sure that it was not increased humility that gave to her eyes their unwonted lustre.

"I knew they were just what you wanted, dear," said Mr. Jones, in so tender a voice that his wife could not give words to what she felt in her heart.

More pain than pleasure had the vases already given to Mrs. Jones; for she had yet too distinct a remembrance of her husband's words in the morning, when she asked him for money to buy things needed in the family, to feel comfortable in the possession of what was merely ornamental. They were only fourteen dollars," said Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones did not respond.

"And so cheap," continued the husband, "that I could not resist the temptation to buy them."

If his ear did not deceive him, a faint sigh had breathed through the lips of his wife. He looked earnestly at her, but her head was bent down, and he was not able to see distinctly the expression of her face.

"A very agreeable man,"

"Too agreeable for me," said Mrs. Jones. "The fact is, I have been on the stool of repentance ever since I came home. I wanted only about ten dollars' worth of dry goods; but when the articles I selected arrived, with the bill, lo, and behold! my purchases had reached the sum of twenty-six dollars!"

"These storekeepers understand their customers," replied Mr. Jones, laughing.

"Indeed they do. But I know one thing; if I'd been dealing for cash, Mr. Parker's bill would have exceeded my limit of ten dollars. It is to such a temptation to buy when you don't have to pay the money right down. Excuse me, Jacob, for saying what now comes to my lips. Don't take it unkindly, for it is not meant so."

And Mrs. Jones looked at her husband almost timidly.

"Say no more. I will never take anything unkindly from you, for I am sure that nothing you will ever say to me can spring from a feeling of unkindness."

"I was thinking of that pair of vases, Jacob."

"Were you?"

"And it has just occurred to me, that they have cost more than fourteen dollars—perhaps twice that sum."

"How can you make this out?"

"If you had given me ten dollars this morning, I would have limited my purchases to that sum, of necessity. Of course, the vases would not have been bought. As it is, they have cost, besides the fourteen dollars you have paid for them, the difference between ten dollars and the amount of my credit bill at Parker's."

"Rather a confused statement of the case, Mary, and rather a forced conclusion," replied Mr. Jones. "Still I'm ready enough to admit that an error has occurred. I ought to have given you the ten dollars when I had it in my pocket. If I had done so, the aspect of things would have been changed. Instead of possessing a pair of handsome vases, not absolutely needed for home-comfort and happiness, and having a debt of twenty-six dollars at Parker's, which will have to be paid at the end of the year, we would both have enjoyed the things you bought, unalloyed by the consciousness that a draft had been drawn upon the future, which might be no easier to meet when due than at present. Ah me! I'm afraid I shall never learn wisdom, Mary."

It always grieved Mrs. Jones to see her husband in trouble from any cause, and, now that she had disturbed the current of his feelings, she instantly sought to restore his peaceful flow. So she spoke lightly of what had occurred, praised the vases, and said they were just what she wanted.

"I will be very economical," said she, "and so will you, dear. In a little while we can save all the vases cost, and so have them without any drawback."

Very ready was Jacob Jones to accept comfort, particularly from this quarter. The words of his wife were like the sun's rays melting through a cloud. The husband was himself again.

But, was he any the wiser for this little episode? Not much, we are sorry to say. The shadow had passed from his spirit too quickly to leave even a memory of its gloom behind. On the very next day he spent five dollars in things superfluous; and even while he was doing this, his wife, from economical considerations, was musing over the propriety of making her last season's bonnet answer, with some fresh trimming, instead of buying a new one.

And so matters went on until the close of the year, when there came a summing-up of the year's accounts.

"Money or credit, Jacob?" Mrs. Jones said, in answer to the exclamation of her husband that money was the bane of his life; and Mr. Jones, thrown considerably aback by the question, which came home upon him with a telling force, was in a state of mind nearly balanced between anger, confession of error, and amusement at the aptness of his wife's interrogation.

"Credit, Mary, credit!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, with a forced emphasis. "You have struck the nail on the head. No—not money, but credit; that is the bane of my life! Why am I such a fool? I run up accounts with a sort of pleasure, as if I were getting things for nothing, but feel sensibly poorer whenever I pay out the ready money for a needed article."

As Mr. Jones closed this sentence, the waiting-maid opened the door and handed in another letter. He broke the seal with a foreboding of something unpleasant. A long, narrow piece of paper was revealed, with some unrecognizable words printed at the head, among which were, "Bought of—" and below which were almost interminable lines of writing and figures. A hurried glancing of the eyes to the footing up of the column of figures gave him an unwelcome result. It was the grocery bill, and the sum total one hundred and thirty-one dollars. His exclamation of surprise fell with a smiting sound on the ears of his wife.

"What is it?" she asked, almost falteringly.

"Green's account."

"Oh! His bill can't be very large; for I never sent the pass-book when I had the money to buy what I wanted."

"It is a hundred and thirty-one dollars."

"That seems impossible."

"I presume it is all right. But you can look it over yourself."

The bill was carefully scanned, though without discovering any error of consequence. Two barrels of flour, a basket of wine and a few other items, counted up heavily.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Jones, speaking in a low, winning, but very earnest voice, "there is something wrong in all this. No reason in the world exists why we should have these bills to trouble us."

"I don't know about that," replied Mr. Jones, somewhat moodily. "I wish I could believe so."

"We ought to pay the cash for every thing we buy!" Mrs. Jones ventured upon a more decided position.

"It is easy enough to say that," retorted her husband, evidently fretted by the words. "But how is the cash to be paid down when we haven't the cash in our purses?"

"Are you really desirous to have this question of paying cash solved?" Mrs. Jones queried, in a pleasant way.

"Of course. Read me the riddle and I shall be eternally obliged."

"I believe I can show that there was no need of running up those two bills, at least."

"Parker's and Green's?"

"Yes."

"I am all attention."

"The two amounts to over two hundred dollars!"

"Yes."

"If I can show you where, during the past six months, one hundred dollars have been spent needlessly, in pretty round sums, will you concede that smaller sums have gone, in the same way, to an equal amount?"

"O yes! I'll concede to it without a moment's hesitation."

"Very well; take your pencil and set down the items as I name them."

Mr. Jones took his pencil and a piece of paper.

"There are fourteen dollars for that pair of vases."

Mr. Jones winced a little, but did not reply. The vases had been purchased solely to gratify his wife—at least he had always, in his own mind, assumed this to be the case—and he mentioning these articles first seemed a little unkind.

"And twenty-three for the pier-glass."

This article Mr. Jones had bought at a public auction sale, where it went off "temporarily low." It proved too wide for the pier, and rather marred than increased the beauty of the parlor.

"Very well; go on," said he in a voice that was not over cheerful.

"Six dollars for the engraving of Franklin at the French Court, and eight for the frame—that makes fourteen more."

"You are counting up pretty fast, Mary."

"These are the heaviest items. I will now gather up some of the smaller ones."

"We have had four concerts, at a dollar a ticket; and had to engage a carriage on two of these occasions, in consequence of rain. Twelve dollars were expended here."

"But we must have some recreation. Both of us are fond of music."

"True, Jacob. Yet, if we are among the thousands who cannot afford these luxuries, we should bear the privation cheerfully."

"But we certainly can afford a concert now and then, Mary."

"It seems not, Jacob. At least we have not enjoyed these entertainments during the past season without the penalty of debt. While we were paying out our dollars for music, we had no money to send to the store for sugar and coffee. Isn't this so?"

Jones gave his shoulders a quick shrug, implying forced conviction.

"My beautiful pencil-case, the gift of which I gratefully acknowledge, cost five dollars. Forgive me for naming this. It is one of the items. As, also, this exquisite little breast-pin, that lured from your pocket the only ten dollar piece it contained at the time, and compelled me to send the pass-book again to Green's. The old music-stool was a little shabby; but it would have done a year or two of good service yet. Seven dollars gave us a new one. And six dollars went for the tulip shades on the gas chandelier. How much does that count up?"

"Ninety-seven dollars," replied Mr. Jones, after running his eyes along the figures he had set down.

"No—that will do. We'll just call it a round hundred, and I'll concede the other hundred you bargained for. So there are two hundred dollars almost trifled away, while bills were running up at the dry goods' store and grocery."

"There is only one remedy, Jacob," said his wife firmly.

"Name it."

"Cash down," replied Mrs. Jones.

"And cash down it shall be!" said Mr. Jones, emphatically.

## Sabbath Reading.

From the Presbyterian.

## SABBATH REMINISCENCES.

I remember, I remember, when the Sabbath morning rose,  
We changed for garments neat and clean, our soiled work-day clothes,  
And yet no gaudy fashions, nor brooch, nor jewel rare,  
But hands and faces polished bright, and smoothly parted hair.

'Twas not the decking of the head, my father used to say,  
But careful clothing of the heart, that graced the holy day,  
'Twas not the bonnet nor the dress;—and I believe it true;  
But that we were very simple ones, and I was simple too.

I remember, I remember, the parlor where we met;  
Its papered wall, its polished floor, and mantle black as jet—  
'Twas there we raised our morning hymn, melodious, sweet and clear,  
And joined in prayer with that loved voice, which we no more may hear.

Our morning sacrifice thus made, then to the house of God,  
How solemnly, and silently, and cheerfully we trod!  
I see on now its low thatched roof, its floor of trodden clay,  
And our old Pastor's time-worn face, and wig of silver gray.

I remember, I remember, how hushed and mute we were,  
While he led our spirits up to God, in heartfelt, melting prayer;  
To grace his action or his voice, no studied charm was lent,  
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went.

Then came the sermon, long and quaint, but full of gospel truth—  
Ah me! I was no judge of that, for I was then a youth;  
But I have heard my father say, and well my father knew,  
It was meat for full grown men, and milk for children too.

I remember, I remember, as 'twere but yesterday,  
The Psalm in Rouse's Version sung, a rude but lovely lay;  
Nor yet, though fashion'd hand has tried to train my earward ear,  
Can I find sought in modern verse, so holy or so dear!

And well do I remember too, our old predecessor's face,  
As he read out and sung the line, with patriarchal grace;  
Though rudely rustic was the sound, I'm sure that David's words, to David's tune, a few hundred voices raised!

I remember, I remember, the morning sermon done,  
An hour of intermission came! we wandered in the sun;  
How happy hours are them down upon the dairy sod,  
And talk of holiness, nature's stores, and nature's bounteous God.

And matrons talked, as matrons will, of sickness and of health—  
Of births and deaths, and marriages, of poverty and wealth;  
And youths and maidens stole apart, within the shady grove,  
And whispered 'neath its spreading boughs perchance some tale of love!

I remember, I remember, how in the church-yard tones,  
I've stown away and met me down, beside the rude grave-stones,  
Or read the names of those who slept beneath the clay cold clod,  
And thought of spirits glittering bright, before the throne of God!

Or where the little rivulet, danced sportively and bright,  
Receiving on its limpid breast, the sun's meridian light,  
We wandered forth, and thought if hearts were pure  
Like this sweet stream, and would that state that life be true!

How fair to heaven they might reflect, heaven's un-created beam!  
I remember, I remember, the second season o'er I turned our faces once again, to our parental door,  
And round the well filled, ample board, as no reluctant guest,For exercise gave appetite, and loved ones shared the feast!

Then ere the sunset hour arrived, as we went to do,  
The Catcher's well conged voice, we said it thro' the holy word,  
And childhood's faltering tongue was heard to lip the holy word,  
And older voices read aloud the message of the Lord.

Away back in those days of yore, perhaps the fault was mine,  
I used to think the Sabbath day, dear Lord, was wholly thine;  
When I behoved to keep the heart and bridle fast the tongue,  
But these were very simple times, and I was very young.

The world has grown much older since these sun-bright Sabbath days—  
The world has grown much older since, and she has changed her ways—  
Some say that she is wiser grown, ah me! it may be true,  
As wisdom comes by length of years, but 't does do damage too.

Oh! happy, happy years of truth, how beautiful, how fair,  
To memory's retrospective eye, your trodden pathways are!  
The thorns forgot; remembered still the fragrant and the flowers;  
The loved companions of my youth, and sunny Sabbath hours!

And onward, onward, onward still, successive Sabbath hours,  
As guides to lead us on the road to our eternal home;  
Or like the visioned ladder once, to slumbering Jacob,  
From heaven descending to the earth, lead back from earth to heaven!

'Twas David was one of the few tunes used by the congregation to which I have called attention.

A TASTE FOR READING. Sir John Herschel has declared that, "If he were to pray for a taste which would stand him in need under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness to him through life, and a shield against ill, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon him, it would be a taste for reading." Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail to make him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times, and giving him a practical proof that the world has been created for him, for his solace and for his enjoyment.

A GEEK FISH STORY. The Mount Pleasant (Iowa) Observer relates the following: "We are informed by Col. Dewey that on Monday last, while one of his men was chopping wood near Big Creek, he went to the creek and cut a hole in the ice for the purpose of getting a drink. As soon as the hole was made, a large carp bounded up and was taken out by him. The fish continued to make their appearance as fast as he could lift them out. As soon as he got as many as he could carry he left for home, procured assistance, and, at last accounts, over six barrels of the nicest kind of fish have been taken out."

Constantly on Hand and For Sale, AT NO. 10 UNION BLOCK.

DOCK SALE. Liverpool Salt, Portland Cement, and Common Salt, for Sale, at the following prices: 100 lbs. of Liverpool Salt, 10 cents; 100 lbs. of Portland Cement, 15 cents; 100 lbs. of Common Salt, 5 cents.

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